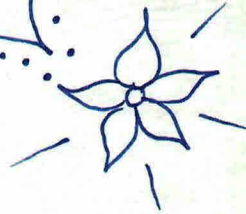




Introduction
Entering Daesh
Life with my husband
Prison
Bedria & Soad
Seige
Death of My husband
Leaving Daesh
Personal & my kids
Political views



201

موضوع

Introduction

KORANI

I should start this book by telling you who I am. Simply put, I am the idiot. This story starts in 2011 when I married my husband. There are no "characters" in the story, this is a real life lived with one horrible mistake after another. When I married my husband, I felt like him and my son where all I had. I was stuck in the middle of my sister's divorce and had a string of failed relationships myself. My husband made me happy and seemed to really love my son. He made a real effort to make my son "our" son. I won't get into that much because it doesn't really matter. You should just know my son and my husband had a great relationship.

My husband was never in a rush to have children. He enjoyed being free and doing what he wanted when he wanted. He really treated my son as his own. The best clothes, toys, vacations only the best would do.

The three of us where always together and everything was very casual.

201

الموضوع

In fact, the day we married, my husband showed up to my job to take me to lunch. At lunch, he very casually said "why don't we get married today?" I didn't even have to think about it. We went home where we had already been living together for over a year. We got dressed and went down to the court house and had our casual wedding.

As a wedding gift he bought me a Triumph motorcycle. He really loved buying me gifts. I was already driving a beautiful white BMW. I had amazing jewelry including my 1 1/2 ct diamond wedding ring.

It wasn't long after we were married, we found out I was pregnant. We were expecting a little girl. After I gave birth he bought me a new BMW, a larger one and he bought me an SUV for winter time. Our safety was important to him. After S [redacted] was born, we started talking about buying a house outside the city where it was a little quieter.

KORANI

201

الموضوع

But just like any relationship we were not without our problems. To keep up our lifestyle, we had to work a lot. This wasn't a real problem as we worked together and enjoyed our work. But it was tiring. My husband got involved in some "un savory" characters in our neighborhood. He was smoking pot on a pretty regular basis and it really affected him. For most people, it would have a relaxing effect but for him it made him nervous and cranky. I really tried not to pressure him and he would never want to hear how I wanted him to quit. Eventually, as usual turned into harder drugs. I was already using prescription drugs for the pain in my knees and that was my drug of choice. But it seemed my husband couldn't decide because he kept jumping to cocaine. He had a previous addiction to heroine but that was before I came along. Cocaine eventually turned into me catching him at the house of a prostitute. I'm not sure he even knew what was going on.

[KORANI]

After that I insisted we move out of our neighborhood into the country away from the bad people who were our neighbors.

We started looking at houses and saving money. He seemed ready to come clean. The same time we were looking for a house we were also working on my husband's citizenship. He was living in the U.S. on an expired school visa. This was also a challenge.

We both came clean from the drugs. My husband was doing good and I was proud of him. The pain I was feeling was almost unbearable. To walk, lay down anything was painful in my knees.

One day while I was at work, I fell and the pain was excruciating. I was at home after and could barely move let alone do my housework cook and go to work. I went to the hospital where they told me I had damage in the cartilage in my knees. I would need surgery to fix the problem.

201

الموضوع

To go back in time just a little bit, just after I had my daughter, my husband's brother was coming to visit quite frequently. I was given the task of "babysitting" his wife so the brothers could spend quality time together. My husband began smoking pot again only this time with his brother.

I tried "babysitting" but I was so overwhelmed with work and catering to our new often guests and the pain in my knees. Citizenship wasn't going ^{either} well.

Things were tough with a new born baby and work and our new guests. I was overwhelmed and the news I was about to hear was going to send me over the edge.

After our guests left, my husband said he wanted to talk about Syria. I had been following the news but I didn't know he was talking about Islamic State. Once he explained to me I was in shock, complete shock. Yes my husband was a muslim but he didn't even pray regularly.

KORANI

He never tried to teach me anything about Islam. In fact, I didn't know about the prayers, about his prophet ... I didn't know anything! Now, he is telling me he wants to fight in the cause of Islam and that he hated living so far away from the closest mosque and watching women walking around "naked" - all these things was driving him crazy. I was completely speechless. He also said the stress of maybe going to jail because of his immigrant status was always on his mind and that our lawyer wasn't working fast enough.

I told him I couldn't believe what I was hearing and I needed some time to think. I stayed away for a few days. I just worked and tried to think of a solution.

After a few days, he actually came to me apologizing. He told me he had spoken to another of his brothers and they came up with a good plan. Me and my husband were planning to buy a house so he made the suggestion we buy a house in Morocco. It could be a vacation home and my husband could renew his visa from Morocco.

201

الموضوع

His brother showed him that the King of Morocco was building apartments on the beach and they were selling for \$30,000 - \$40,000. That was an insane deal. He said we would be able to afford the surgery that I needed on my knees in Morocco. It seemed great. We could go to Morocco, buy a house, renew his visa, get my surgery and then come back home. Visit once a year, something like this. I became so excited!

He said because it was an Islamic country he could work on his faith while we improve our lives. All of this would prove to good to be true.

My husband was so excited that he bought my airplane tickets immediately. He insisted that I go visit before I made up my mind. Me and my two kids visited for 2 weeks. 2 days before I was to leave, my husband's brother's wife called saying they were having problems. I invited her to come with us. I even paid for her plane ticket.

We all stayed with my husband's parents and treated it like vacation.

KORANI

We brought gifts and went shopping almost everyday. We enjoyed his mom's cooking and went to a public bath. They took us to see the sites. It was absolutely beautiful. I was so excited! I called my husband everyday asking him when we could make the move. He became so excited for my decision he put everything up for sale. When I got back, we sold everything except the house and one vehicle. We kept the house and the vehicle so we had something to come back to. His brother and sister were supposed to be keeping an eye on the house.

The next thing was the financial situation. Once I came back from Morocco, my husband already had quite a bit of money from selling our things. He explained to me that money coming from the United States in Morocco would be taxed heavily. He suggested that we move all our assets to Hong Kong a little at a time before we go to Morocco. I thought this was strange but my husband was not known for doing "normal" things.

201

الموضوع

He wanted to buy gold as an investment. He said it would keep us from blowing through our money too quickly. He said if gold was high we would sell and if it was low we would live cheap. I agreed this was a good idea.

Not long after I made it back from Morocco I made my first trip to Hong Kong. We expected 2 weeks should be long enough to find a good bank to put our cash and open a safety deposit box for our gold assets. Hong Kong was very beautiful but very expensive. I tried not to spend a lot of money but I wanted to show my son a good time. He had come with me. So we treated Hong Kong like another vacation. We didn't realize that we had booked during the Chinese New Year so all the banks were closed anyway. The last few days I was there I tried to open a bank account. I tried and tried only to find it was impossible without local identification. I was scared to tell my husband I had failed so I visited some locations with storage lockers.

KORANI

201

الموضوع

I found a very secure location. Everyone has to have a code to get in and all the lockers are secure. Along with 24 hour onsite security and cameras. I rented this spot for 3 months. I left what cash and gold I brought with me - We went back home. I took another trip back to Hong Kong after about a week. I still didn't tell my husband about the storage locker. I was so excited about going to Morocco that I didn't want to be the reason the plan failed. The second trip I took I brought more cash and gold and left it. I was so relieved to come back to Hong Kong and find our savings were still safe. The 3rd trip to Hong Kong would be our last. My husband and daughter would come with us this time. This trip we would pick up all our money and go to Morocco. We were all so excited. We prepared to ~~leave~~ leave the U.S. for about 6 months.

KORANI

201

الموضوع

All of us boarded the plane together. From this point there is no turning back because my husband's visa was expired. We had to make it to Morocco and begin our new adventure. First we were going to go to his parents, stay with them for a short while until we were able to find us the apartment we were looking for. When I visited before I found the location I wanted, Kenitra. My husband would take care of the buying. This only made sense because if I went with him they would over charge us for a basic apartment. After we were to buy the apartment we would go on to find a doctor and begin re-newing or re-applying for a visa so we could go back home.

Once we made it to Hong Kong, I was excited to show my husband the sites. Me and Matthew already had train cards and I knew the roads pretty well. I already knew a good hotel for us too.

KORANI

201

الموضوع

All of our plans revolved around Morocco. My husband seemed excited to go "home." There was no more talk about going to Syria but sometimes it came up when we would watch the news. It seemed as if he was more angry about what was happening politically than joining for religious reasons. He was still the same "non-practising" muslim he'd always been. He liked it when I wore tight jeans and make-up. He wasn't the jealous type, not outwardly anyway.

In Hong Kong we had a chance to really sit down and discuss our future. We talked about buying our first house together and eating Moroccan food. Once we were in ^{Hong Kong} ~~Morocco~~ for I think 3 days, My husband told me that his brother was going to come to Morocco with us (the brother who's wife I had been babysitting). He said he would still spend time with me but his brother and wife were having problems and he needed to get away. So, he would be coming to Hong Kong and we would all travel together to Morocco.

KORANI

201

الموضوع

I felt like his brother was coming between us. I was not excited at all. But I stayed supportive as usual. Once his brother flew in, we went to pick him up at the airport and bring him back to the hotel. I greeted him with a smile and a hug as usual. We all went back to the hotel. I got the key to his brother's room which was right next to our room.

Before we could even make plans for lunch, I literally got the door shut in my face. I was a little shocked but I just went back to my room. I sent my husband a text message after a few hours. He quickly came to our room and offered to go pick up food. I asked him what they were doing. He said they were buying airplane tickets to Casablanca. He said it was taking so long because his brother was trying to get the best flight deal. I understood that, his brother was very controlling and thrifty. The complete opposite of my husband. So I was sure, as usual, they were probably arguing about the flights.

KORANI

The new plan was that his brother would travel with us and he would stay in Morocco for a week and then travel back to the U.S.

I just had to stay patient with this new plan for a little while longer.

Now from this point, I am going to give you a little more history of mine and my husband's relationship. If I had to sum up how I felt about him and our marriage, the best way to describe it was "stay patient and you'll get what you want." Up until this point I have told you that my husband was romantic buying expensive vacations and elaborate gifts. Everything comes at a price. My patience was essential to a successful marriage. If I stayed patient and didn't nag him too much almost 100% of the time I would get what I wanted. For example, when I wanted to upgrade my BMW, I simply showed him a picture online. "Honey, look at this beautiful BMW!" "Oh, if only I could drive that I would feel like a queen!" Then I would follow that up with "I guess I'll just have to work hard and save up!"

201

الموضوع

Literally, the next week he was in Atlanta, Fla buying that exact car for me. But with the good comes the bad, like the drugs. If I tried to say something like "you really should quit, I don't like who you are like this" he would lash out in anger. But if I said something like "your work is much more efficient when you are sober" then he would cut back. And everything he did, he did it to extreme. For example, he bought a bobcat to move the snow in the winter. He liked it so much he actually bought a second one and all the attachments. It literally just sat in the warehouse and he never used it. It was just something to have. Or when he bought his Porsche, it literally stayed in the Porsche dealership garage getting every last rusty bolt replaced. Even one rusty bolt was not acceptable. He was like this about everything. Everything had to be perfect or he just didn't know how to think with the stress of that one rusty bolt that could break any day.

KORANI

201 - -

الموضوع

He spared no expense to take out small stresses that were huge mountains for him. He was the type that would throw away a million dollar vase because he had to look at a crack that couldn't be fixed. Small stresses for normal people, for him he wouldn't be able to function. Because of the stress of needing to keep the yard grass mowed, he cemented the whole back yard. OK? but he didn't get the proper permits so it caused him even more stress. He was probably the most self-destructive person I've ever met.

I stayed with him because it felt like most things I could level him out. Most times he would listen to me, I knew how to deal with him.

Other times he would completely shut me out.

For example, one day he was riding his motorcycle. More than likely, too fast. He also wasn't wearing his helmet. A lady turned in front of him and he hit the side of her car flipping over and hitting the concrete on the other side of the car.

KORANI

He was busted up pretty bad and his bike was totalled. 3 days later I saw a train ticket purchase for 5 a.m. going to Chicago the next day. I asked him what was going on and why he was going to Chicago without telling me.

He said he was sorry for not telling me but it was none of my business. Understand, Chicago is a 2 hour drive, by train 3 hours.

Finally after some persuading he told me he had planned on being back before I realized he was gone. He was going to buy a new motorcycle, but not any motorcycle, it had to be the exact same one. On motorcycle he could have been back from Chicago in about an hour. I probably would not even have noticed he was gone. I always went to work around 4:30 a.m. and would come home for a nap around 11 or 12. He would have been back before I noticed. He was very good at lying to me because he always went to extremes to cover his lies.

I overlooked most of them that were harmless and typically didn't say anything to him if I knew. And to be honest, I was tired of investigating his lies. If he wanted to cheat and do drugs, I just blinded myself to it after a while. Pretending it wasn't happening. After all, I had sacrificed so much to stay with him. I felt like I had to make it work. I turned my back on my family for love and "stability." It was all just an illusion. Yes I did love him but I was very tired. Tired of lying to myself about how our marriage was in a downward spiral. But in Morocco we had a new start. I would have his mother and he would have his father to keep him on a straight path. That brings us back to Hong Kong, planning our trip to Morocco.

OK, so our plane tickets were bought and we had I think a week to kill in Hong Kong. My husband spent a lot of time with his brother and insisted we don't go out much because it was very expensive and we still weren't sure.

how much it was going to cost to get started up in Morocco.

If you have visited Hong Kong, you would know how impossible it is to just sit in the hotel room for days. Especially with 2 kids. My son wanted to at least hang out with the men in the other room but they stayed shut in for hours at a time. Then one night my husband told me his brother would watch the kids and me and him would go to supper just me and him. That night we walked through the beautiful parks and ate a nice dinner. I asked him what him and his brother had been doing. He said they had been shopping online for things he could buy in Hong Kong and re-sell in Morocco to help cover expenses. My husband was always looking for a way to make a few hundred dollars. He told me they had found some binoculars that they could possibly double their money on.